

POLICE

COMICS

10¢

HAW-HAW!
THOSE DISTORTING
MIRRORS ALWAYS
KILL ME!

MIRROR...
HECK!... THAT'S
PLASTIC
MAN...
AND HE
MIGHT!

APRIL
No. 29





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

BIKE-OLGY

THE HOME TRAINER

THIS MACHINE WAS WIDELY USED DURING THE EARLY DAYS OF CYCLING BY RACING ENTHUSIASTS FOR PRACTICING AT HOME. A LITTLE BELL RANG AT THE END OF EACH MILE OF RIDING...



"HANDLE BARS" THE FIRST STEERING APPARATUS FOR BICYCLES WAS JUST WHAT THE NAME IMPLIED - A HANDLE BAR, A PLAIN METAL BAR FOR HANDLING THE BICYCLE -



ORIGINAL FLYING SCOT,
GAVIN DALZELL OF LANARKSHIRE, SCOTLAND IS GENERALLY CONCEDED TO BE THE ORIGINATOR OF THE PRESENT DAY REAR-DRIVE BICYCLE. IT WAS FIRST USED AROUND 1840



THE MORROW*COASTER BRAKE-



FAMOUS FOR ITS EXTRA LARGE BRAKING SURFACE - HAS LIVED THROUGH MANY, MANY CHANGES IN BICYCLE CONSTRUCTION AND DESIGN, SERVING ON "VICTORY BICYCLES" TODAY, AS A VITAL MEMBER OF "THE INVISIBLE CREW". IT IS HELPING TO SPEED THE DAY OF FINAL VICTORY.




ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION

® TRADE MARK OF BENDIX AVIATION CORPORATION

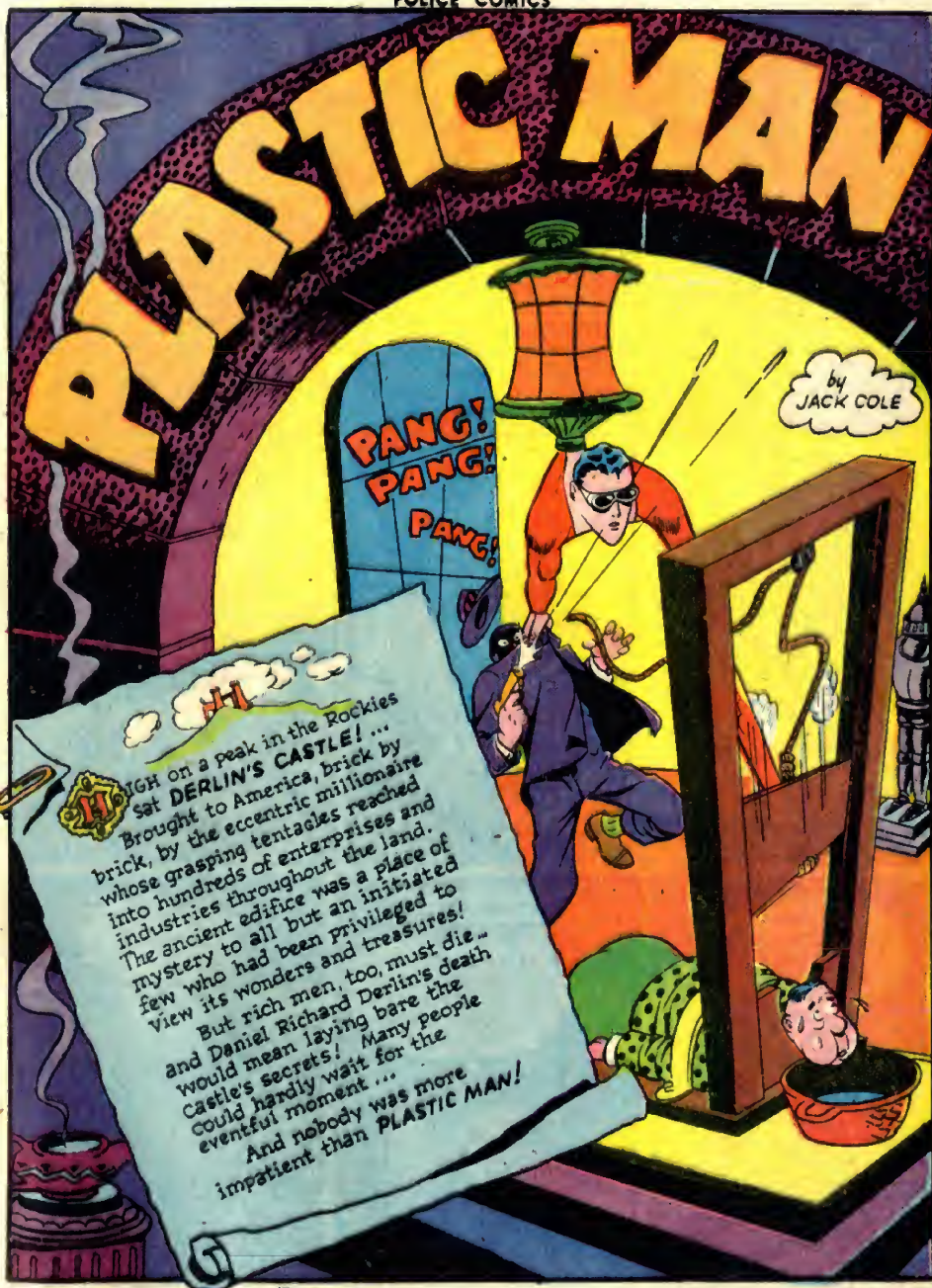
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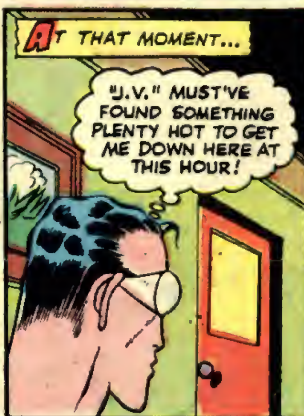
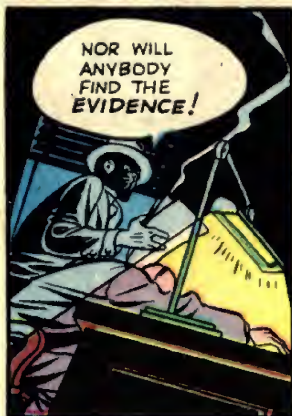
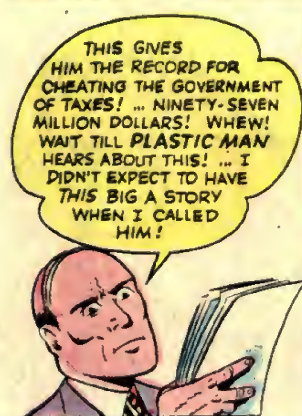
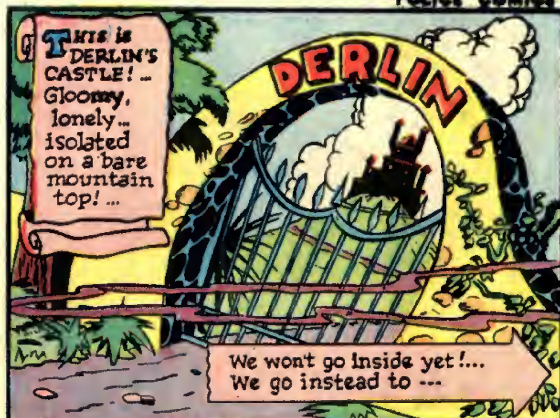
PLASTIC MAN

by
JACK COLE


 HIGH on a peak in the Rockies
 Sat **DERLIN'S CASTLE!** ...
 Brought to America, brick by
 brick, by the eccentric millionaire
 whose grasping tentacles reached
 into hundreds of enterprises and
 industries throughout the land.
 The ancient edifice was a place of
 mystery to all but an initiated
 few who had been privileged to
 view its wonders and treasures!
 But rich men, too, must die...
 and Daniel Richard Derlin's death
 would mean laying bare the
 Castle's secrets! Many people
 could hardly wait for the
 eventful moment ...
 And nobody was more
 impatient than **PLASTIC MAN!**

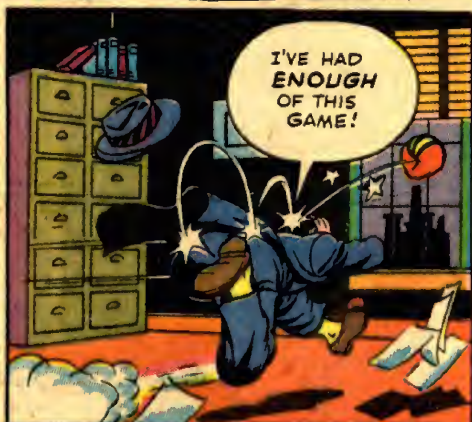
PANG!
PANG!
PANG!



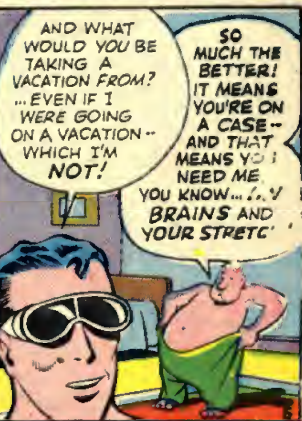
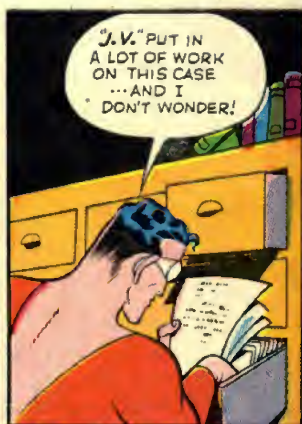




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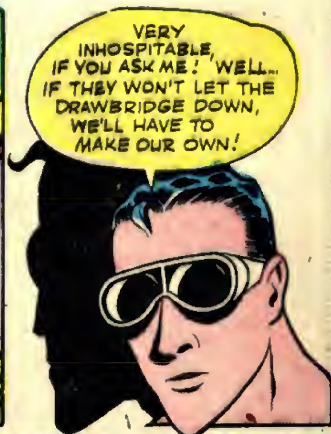
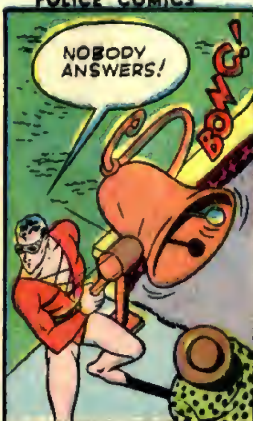


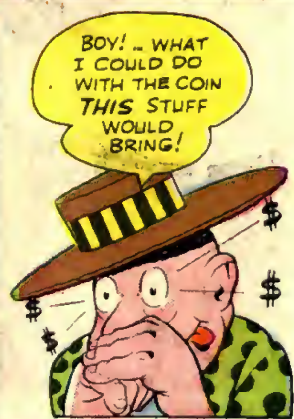
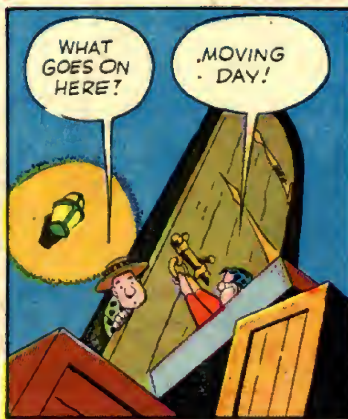
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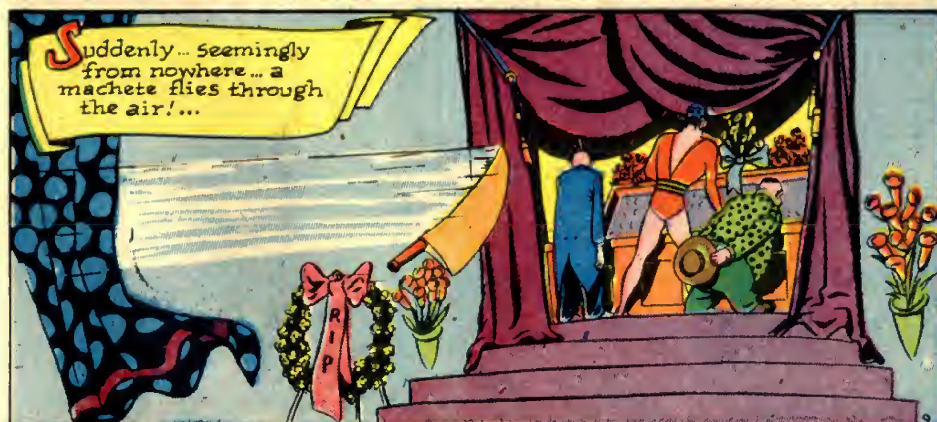
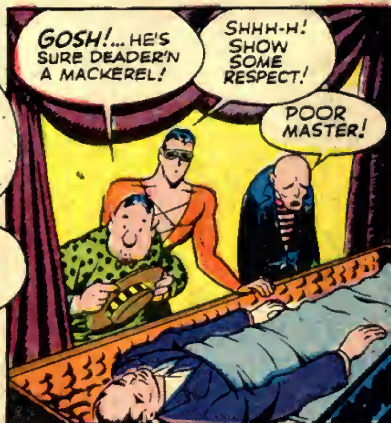
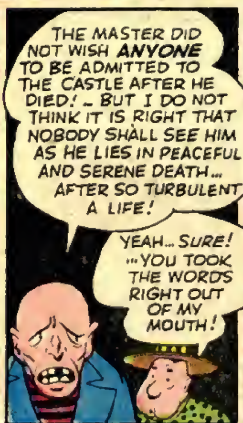
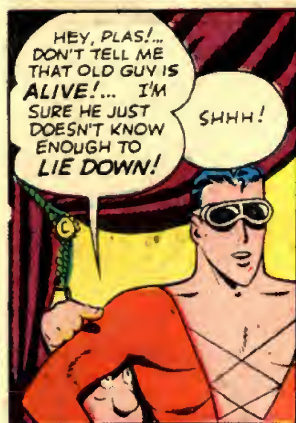


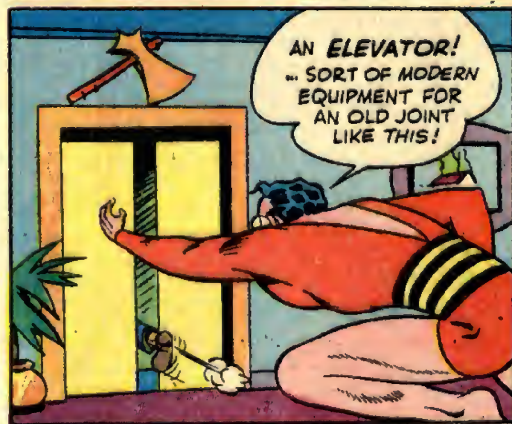
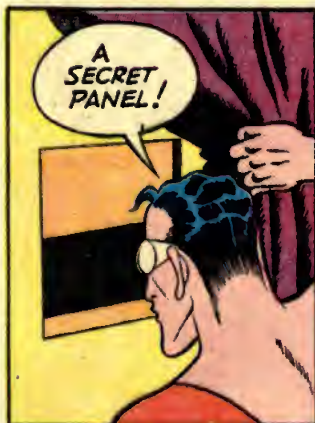
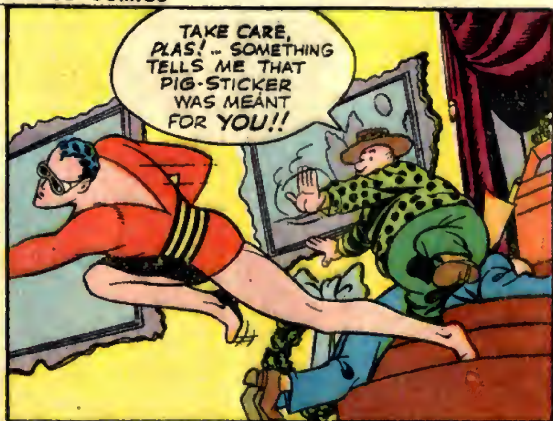
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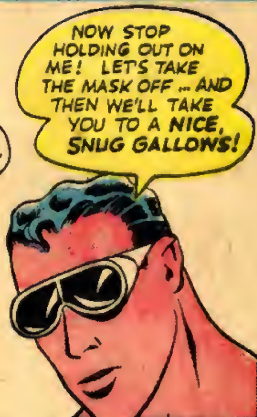
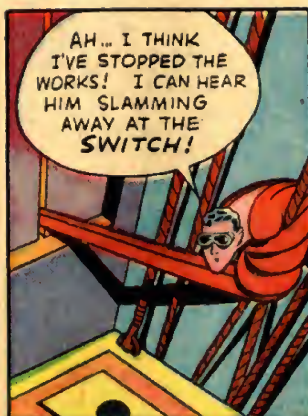


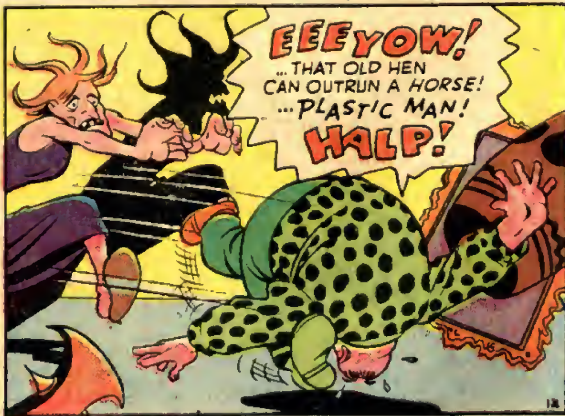
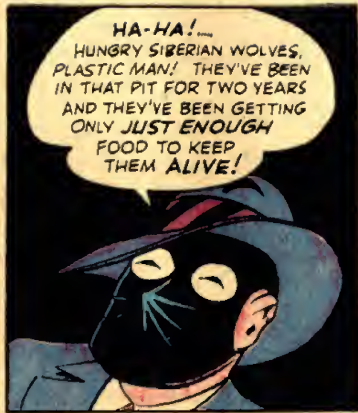


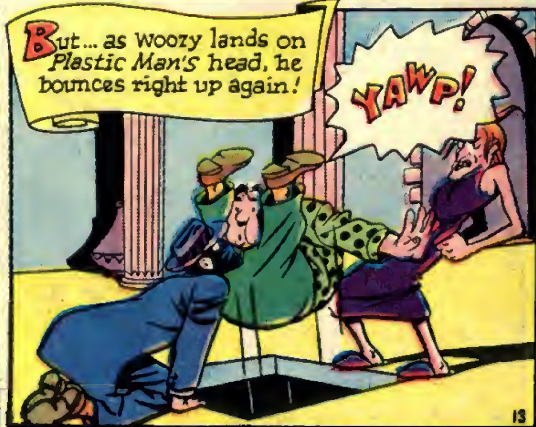


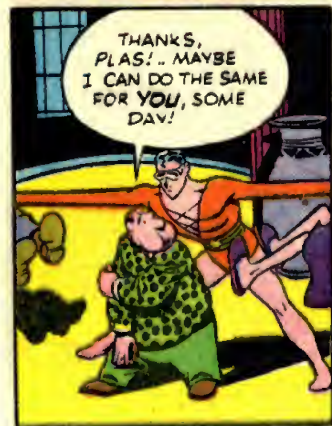
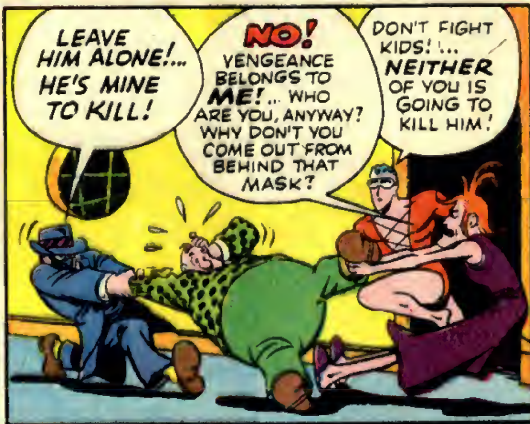
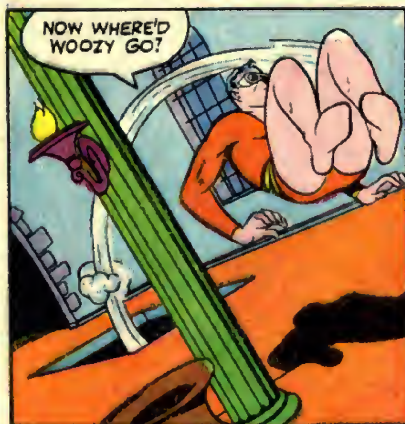
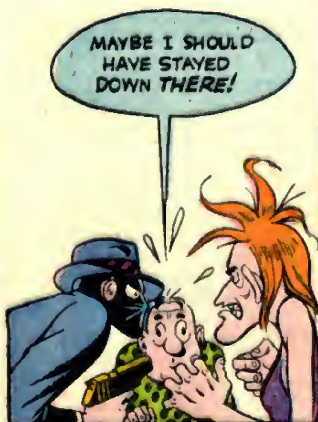


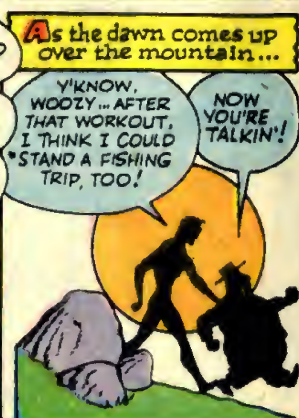
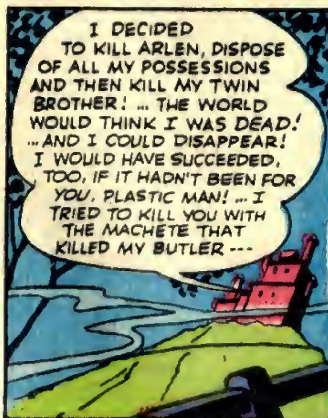
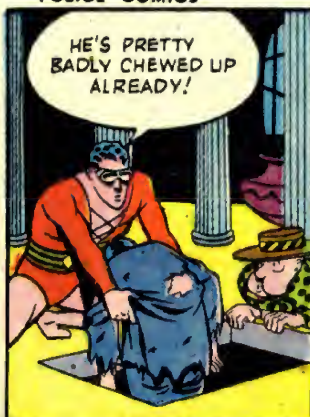




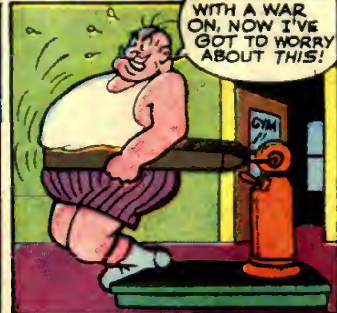
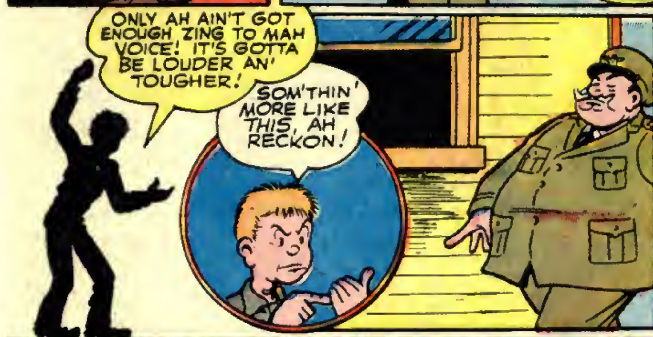
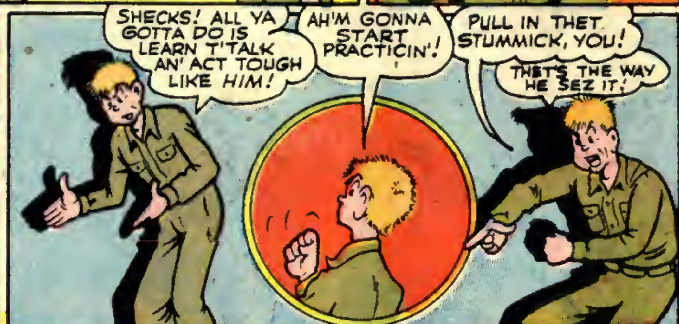
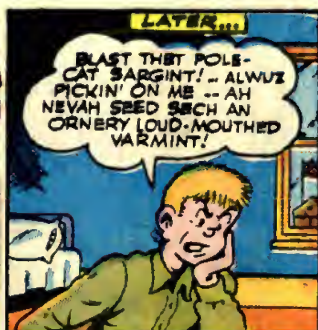
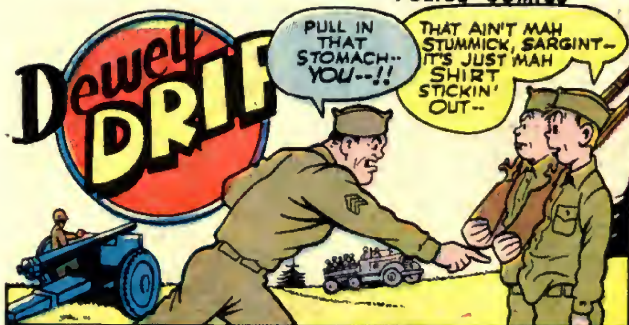








POLICE COMICS



DESTINY

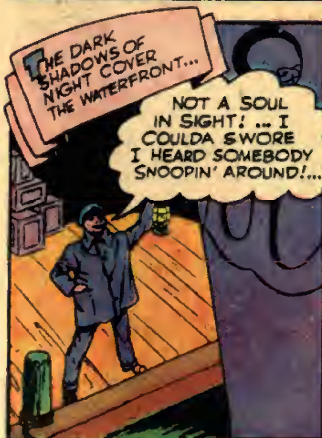


THROUGH THE SHADOWS OF NIGHT HE WALKS -- THAT STRANGE, UNEARTHLY MAN CALLED **DESTINY** ... DRAWN BY THE POWER OF EVIL IN MEN'S HEARTS!

WHERE MAN PLOTS CRIME AND VIOLENCE, THERE GOES **DESTINY!**

BUT WHAT CAN EVEN **DESTINY'S** POWER AVAIL TO STOP A HELPLESS, PITIFUL MAN UPON WHOSE UNWILLING HEART HAS BEEN PLACED THE **CURSE OF CAIN** ...

"THOU SHALT KILL THY FELLOW MAN! .. MURDER IS YOUR **DESTINY!!**"



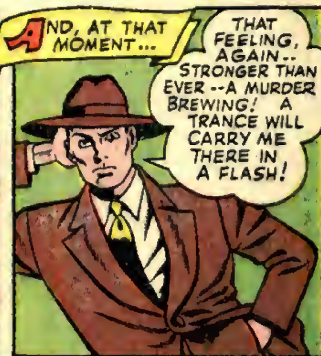
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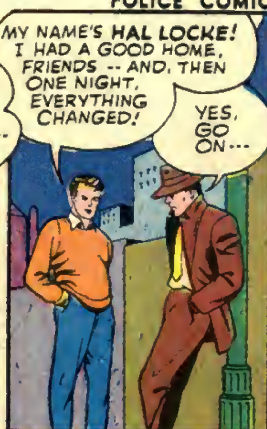
WHILE, A FEW BLOCKS AWAY, THAT STRANGE FIGURE MEN CALL DESTINY HAS A PECULIAR EXPERIENCE....



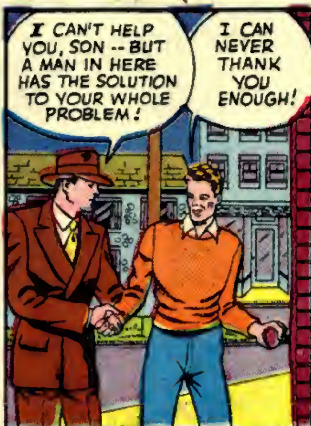
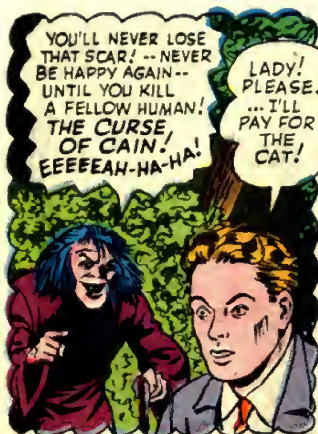
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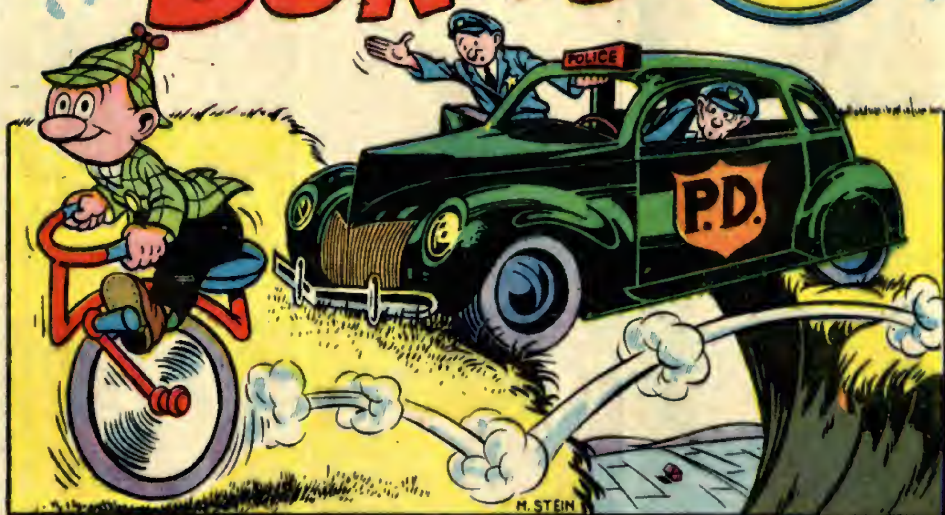


POLICE COMICS



FLATFOOT BURNS

A GAIN,
LADIES
AND GENTLEMEN...
FLATFOOT BURNS,
The
CRIME
CRUMPLER!



BUT HOW
DO WE GET
RID OF
WHIFFY
SWANSON
??

I DUNNO...
BUT WE
GOTTA KILL
HIM BEFORE
WE GO ANY
FARTHER!

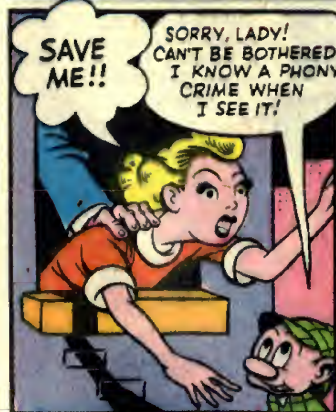
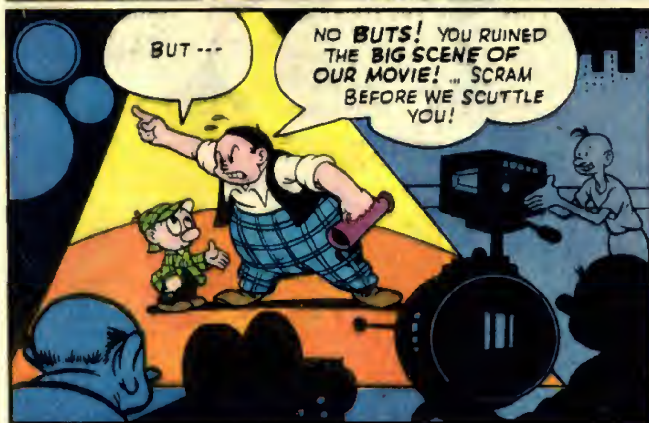
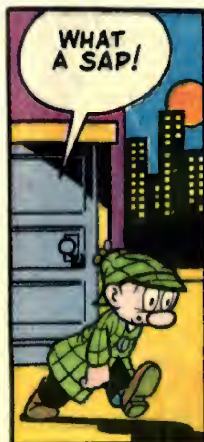
SUPPOSE WE GIVE
HIM A POISON WHICH
TURNS HIM INTO
A SKELETON
... HUH?

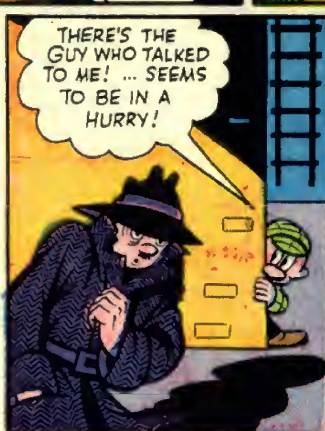
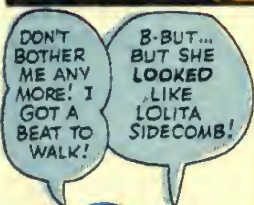
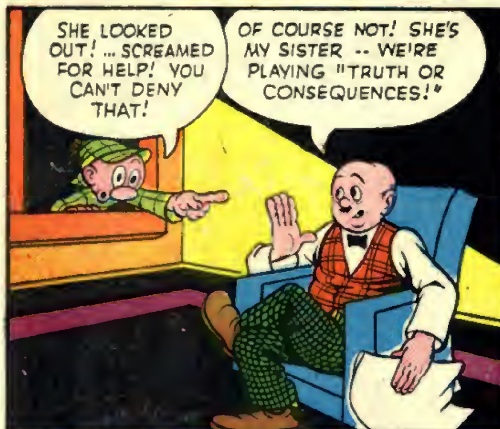
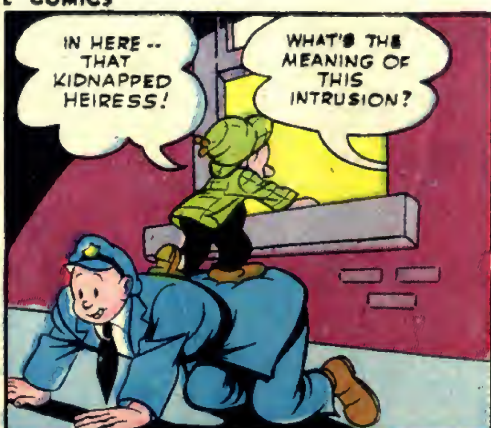
THROW UP
YOUR HANDS--
YOU MURDER
PLOTTERS!

GET OUTA HERE,
YOU BUM!
WE'RE DOING A
FEATURE FOR
THE COMIC
BOOKS!



POLICE COMICS

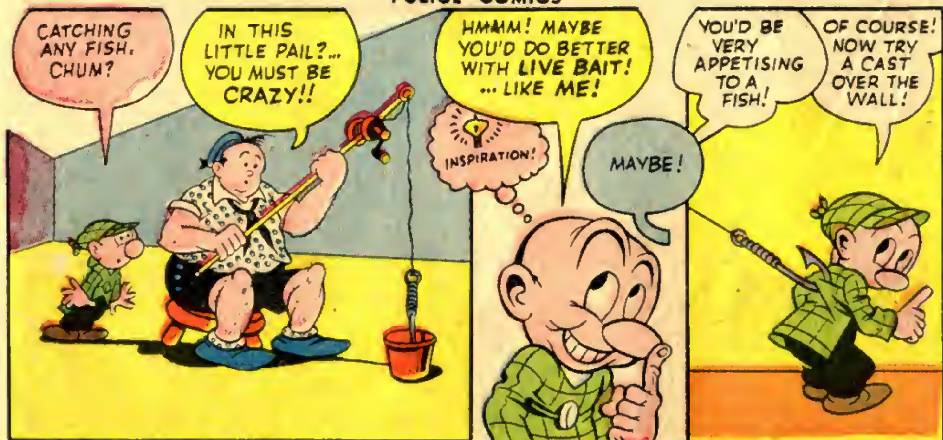




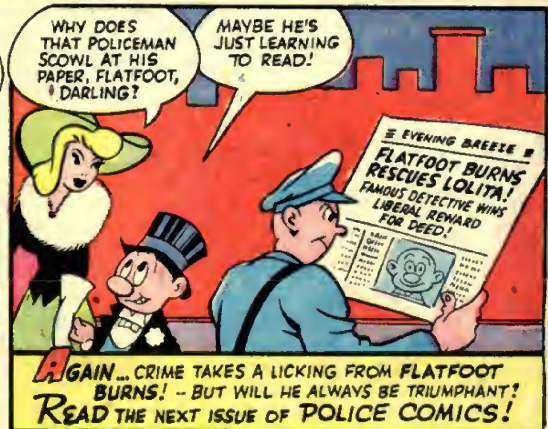
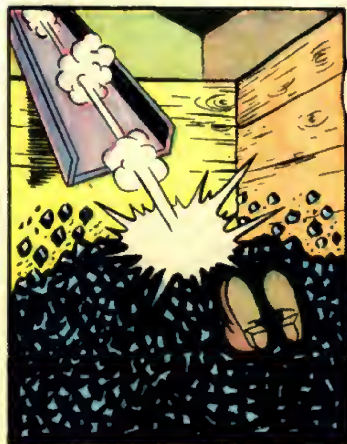
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POLICE COMICS



POLICE COMICS



MANHUNTER

and THOR

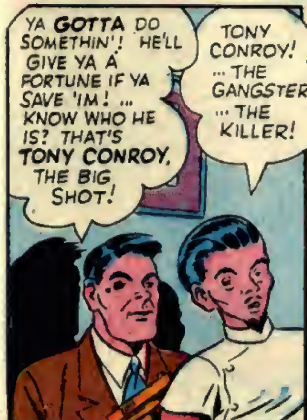
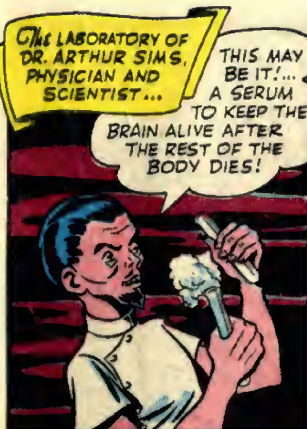


T

HERE ARE SECRETS OF HUMAN LIFE WITH WHICH NOT EVEN THE GREATEST SCIENTISTS WILL TAMPER! FOR THEY KNOW THAT, ONCE SET IN MOTION, FORCES THEY DO NOT UNDERSTAND CAN SPREAD HAVOC AMONG US! ...

BUT THERE WAS ONE SAVANT WHO WAS CONSUMED WITH THE DESIRE TO KNOW THAT SECRET WHICH THE WORLD CONSIDERED UNKNOWABLE ... AND IN HIS OWN LABORATORY HE NURTURED WHAT WAS TO BECOME HIS MASTER! ... BUT MANHUNTER FINALLY BROUGHT INTO THE LIGHT, THE MONSTROSITY THAT WALKED HAND-IN-HAND WITH DEATH!!

POLICE COMICS



POLICE COMICS

IN THE MEANTIME, DAN RICHARDS, ALIAS MANHUNTER, AND HIS FELLOW POLICEMEN PREPARE TO REPORT A FAILURE....



GUESS WE LOST CONROY AND HIS BODYGUARDS! WHAT A CATCH THAT WOULD HAVE BEEN!

I'M SURE WE NICKED CONROY WITH A COUPLE OF BULLETS! ...BUT I GUESS HIS PALS'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM! WELL, LET'S GO BACK TO OUR PRECINCT!



YOU GUYS GO AHEAD! I FORGOT SOMETHING I WANT TO TAKE CARE OF!

ALONE, DAN RICHARDS BECOMES MANHUNTER... AND THOR, EVER NEAR HIS MASTER, COMES INTO VIEW!



HELLO, THOR! ...FEEL LIKE HUNTING DOWN THOSE THREE GANGSTERS? SURE YOU DO!



THIS IS THEIR CAR, ALL RIGHT! I THINK WE'LL TRY WAITING AWHILE FOR THEM! THEY MAY COME FOR IT!



BLOODSTAINS! ...I GUESS WE DID HIT ONE OF THEM!

AS THE GANGSTERS COME OUT OF DR. SIMS' LABORATORY...

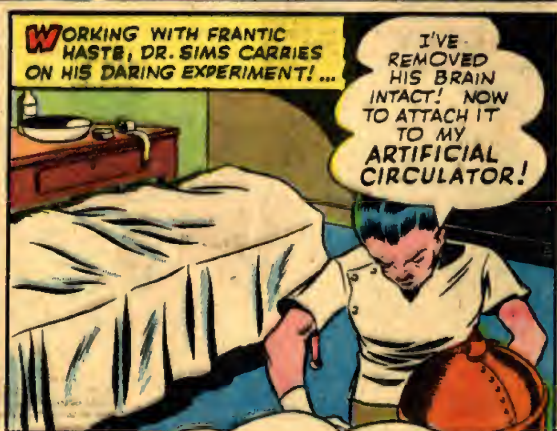


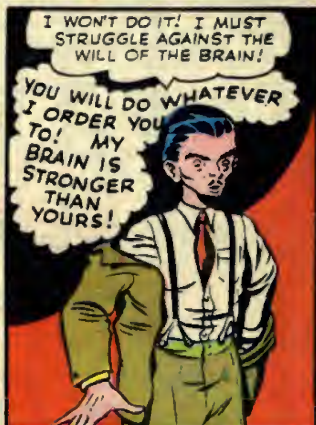
C'MON! WE GOTTA GIT OUR CAR AN' BEAT IT -- BEFORE THE DOC CALLS THE COPS ON THE PHONE!



I'LL DRIVE! YOU'RE TOO NERVOUS, JOE!





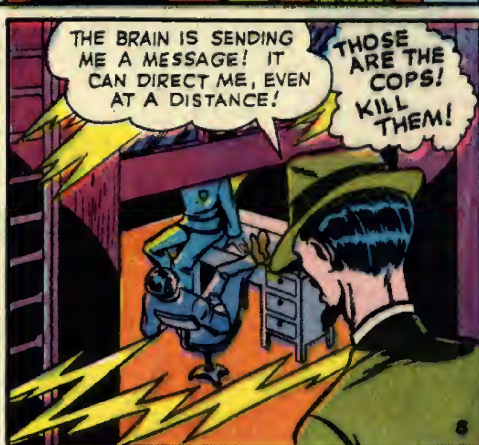
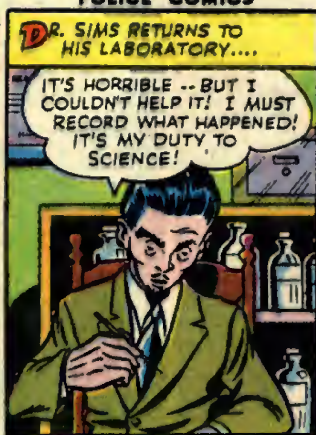


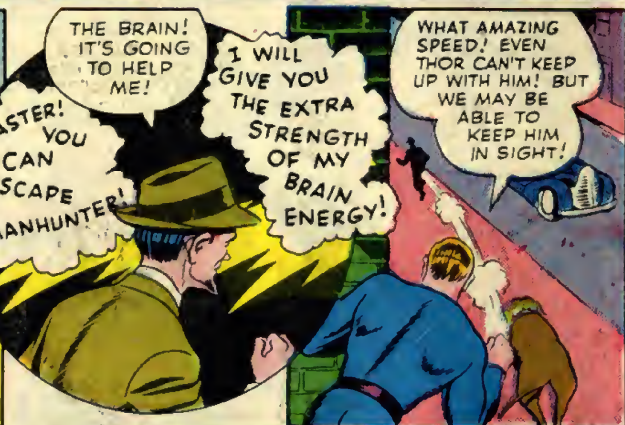


AS DR. SIMS FLEES FROM THE POLICE STATION, MANHUNTER, WHO HAS RETURNED TO HIS ROLE OF POLICEMAN, COMES BACK ON DUTY....



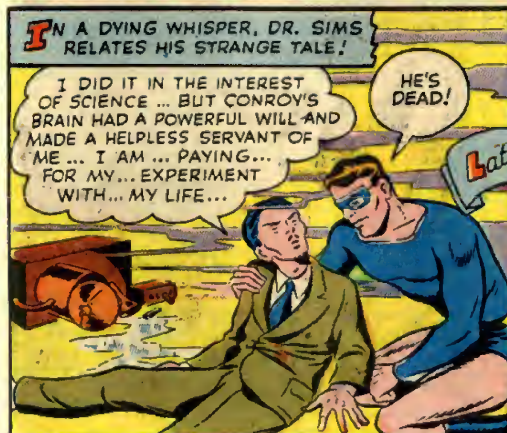
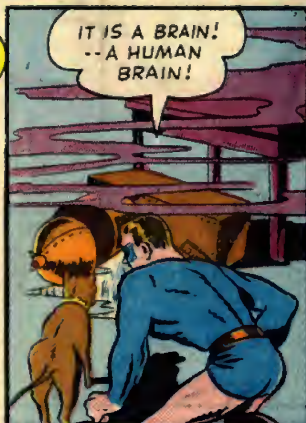
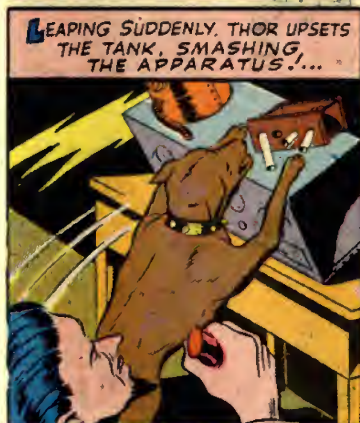
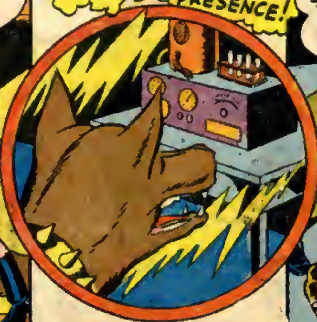
POLICE COMICS







KILL THE DOG FIRST! HE IS DANGEROUS! HE SENSES MY PRESENCE!



DEATH FOG

THE sea lay calm. So calm it resembled a vast green mirror. For three days not a ripple had stirred its glassy surface. The very air, dead-smelling, filled with the stagnant effluvia of rotting vegetation, hurt the nostrils, shocked the eyes.

Flying fish darted everywhere on translucent wings. This was their home, here in the middle of the sprawling Atlantic. Beneath the surface of the intensely clear water were countless minute forms of sea life.

In places the water was so green and solid-looking that one imagined it could be walked upon without any chance of sinking.

The Sargasso Sea! The most mysterious, little known area of ocean on the globe. Columbus is said to have discovered it on his way west, when his caravan was becalmed for several days and the crew was fearful that the mat of seaweed would entangle their ship forever.

The Sargasso Sea covers an area the size of the United States. It revolves ever so slowly because of the action of the Gulf Stream.

Weird tales are rooted in this immense area of weed and water. Tales so fraught with mystery that they are truly incredible.

Dick Mace, acting as skipper of the *Vega*, knew many of these tales. In fact, he had traced several of them to their source—and found them to be pure fallacies. There were others about which he knew

little, or nothing, except their inception.

The *Vega* was on a mission of considerable secrecy, sponsored by Uncle Sam. For weeks past, shipping had been harried by a strange craft that would appear suddenly, hurl its death charge and quickly disappear. No less than a score of U. S. ships had fallen victim to the terrible menace.

Submarine? Plane? What?

No survivors had returned to tell the story. This engine of destruction was a Nazi weapon of terrible effectiveness and, it had to be eliminated.

Dick had a hunch. That was all. A hunch that the hiding place of this marine death trap was the Sargasso Sea. He leaned over the rail of the ship near the pilot house and gazed into the greenish depths which had no life except the myriad movement of tiny organisms.

The heat was extreme, welling up from the flat water in a wave of nausea. It stifled, choked.

Dick went into the radio room and tried to pick up something over the ether. After a moment a message began flashing in.

**WARNING BE ON LOOK-
OUT FOR BLACK SCHOON.
ER IN (location followed)
THIS SHIP BELIEVED TO
BE NAZI RAIDER WITH—**
The message abruptly ended, without identifying its source.

"What do you make of that, Sparks?" Dick asked the radio-man.

Sparks shook his head and

twisted the dials. There was no further sound from the instrument.

"Cut off just like that," he said. "You s'pose—"

"Just what I've been thinking," Dick said. "The raider got 'em. Their position—". Dick glanced at the message. "We're fifty miles from 'em, but we'll get there as quickly as possible."

Dick went to the bridge and ordered full speed. The *Vega* responded with a roar of Diesels and leaped through the water like a torpedo.

There was something awfully queer about everything, Dick thought. The ocean, the very atmosphere. There were forces at work that were unexplainable, or so it seemed. Dick didn't go in for the supernatural, being of a very practical, scientific turn of mind. But now he felt—strange. That was the only way to explain the "funny" feeling that had been upon him ever since the *Vega* had entered the Sargasso region.

Somehow Dick felt that the next day—or even the next few hours—would reveal much. The thought kept hammering at him that this raider was no ordinary ship. Other strange radio messages had been received. Conceivably they were lures, emanating from the enemy craft. Of course, he could be wrong. But something was screwy with the whole thing.

It would soon be dusk. Night would overtake them before they reached the ship that had raided. That wasn't good. An enemy could lie in wait and pounce upon the *Vega* out of

POLICE COMICS

the darkness. They would have little chance. They carried heavy guns, but guns were of little use if your target was invisible.

They had left the Sargasso Sea now and were leaping through the rougher water in a southeasterly direction. Off the regular shipping lanes. Dangerous territory!

Sparks tried several times to contact the stricken ship, but without success. He didn't even know its name. It was as if the atmosphere had become a total vacuum, through which no electrical signals would penetrate. Dick knew something about blanking out and distorting radio signals, but this was different. This was zero absolute!

"Keep a sharp eye out," he cautioned the crew. "If hunches mean anything, we're running into plenty of trouble."

That pleased the men; they were honing for a crack at the enemy. Some of them had friends on ships that had been knocked over by the Nazis.

It was getting dark now. The sun had gone down and the sudden darkness was falling in great chunks. The sound pick-up device aboard the *Vega* registered absolutely nothing.

They were in the latitude-longitude from which the suddenly-cut radio message had come. The sea was dark and silent.

The shadowy, ebon-black schooner slipped through the sea like a huge ghost. Silent. No sign of life aboard. No name on her racy prow. Just a black hulk that clove the water like a looming shadow.

In the control room, Comm. Heinrich Muller glowered at a

large wall on which a tiny light crawled.

"That would be the *Vega*, of course," he said.

Oberlieutenant Misner nodded. "Ja, Herr Commander. She is almost in range."

Muller shook his head. "Nein. We can always overtake her. She is harmless anyway. What we want is this convoy. It is now only ten miles off, eh?" He threw a glance at the wall chart. Several red and green dots were crawling into view on its western edge. The convoy. Allied ships on their way to the war fronts! And now the Nazi devil was plotting their destruction!

"Be prepared to destroy them!" the German commander snapped. "Leave the *Vega* alone. I have another plan for her—and Skipper Mace!"

The ships in the U. S. convoy—nineteen of them—abruptly were aware that their radio had gone dead. Not dead, exactly. They simply couldn't send or receive messages, although everything else worked.

The next thing they knew, their engines went dead. The ignition simply cut off, suddenly. And then they were drifting aimlessly. A mild sort of panic ensued. What had happened they couldn't fathom. They only knew that they were prey of whatever prowled these lonely seas.

The black schooner slipped through the sea at tremendous speed. Noiselessly, deck gun crews took their places. The guns probably wouldn't be needed, yet there was no use taking chances. The schooner was careful to get upwind of the convoy.

The first thing they knew that anything was wrong was a

fast-creeping white fog that rolled across the water, over the decks, into the ports and through the ventilating and air-conditioning system. With quiet gasps, the men fell in their tracks, stricken so suddenly they were unable to cry out. In a matter of seconds every person aboard the ships was out.

It was a simple matter to sink them, one by one. And this the black schooner did, with torpedoes. Explosions racked the night, as each ship was hit. No boats were lowered, because there were no men awake to man them. They simply slipped down into the cold sea with their ships.

By now the sea for miles in every direction was blanketed with opaque whiteness. Even the black devil schooner was blotted out. But into this region of white death crept a slim ship. On board every man wore a mask. The *Vega* slipped through the whiteness like a wraith. On the right, and about a mile off, explosions shook the night. One after another the Nazi were sinking American ships—ships that couldn't fight back.

Five of them had either gone to the bottom or were afire, when the *Vega* leaped into view of those on board the black schooner. There were no yells from the surprised German crew, because they too had on masks. Taken by surprise, they were unprepared for what transpired. A terrific blaze of flame leaped from the bow of the *Vega*. The black schooner lurched and began to settle. Machine guns chattered on her decks, and several of the *Vega's* crewmen fell. But another blaze of flame and the black schooner blew up and vanished.

Dick Mace's "hunch" had been a good one. He had cleaned the seas of another Nazi devil.

The Human BOMB

WHEN THE **HUMAN BOMB** WALKS ABROAD -- A GRIM, DEADLY FIGURE OF DOOM TO THE FORCES OF EVIL -- **DON'T BE DECEIVED!**

FOR, Cased within that impenetrable armor is warm-hearted, fearless **ROY LINCOLN**, whose chemical science has changed his bodily substance into a machine of such explosive power that a single blow from his knuckles will **BLAST MOUNTAINS -- AND MALEFACTORS -- TO ATOMS!**



AND DON'T FORGET **HUSTACE THROCKMORTON**, WHO UNDERWENT A TRANSFUSION OF **ROY LINCOLN'S BLOOD** -- AND CAME UP WITH **HUMAN BOMB POWER IN HIS FEET!!** TRUE, HE GETS THE PARTNERSHIP INTO SPECTACULAR TROUBLE -- BUT TROUBLE MEANS ADVENTURE!!

ROY, DON'T YOU EVER THINK ABOUT LOVE?

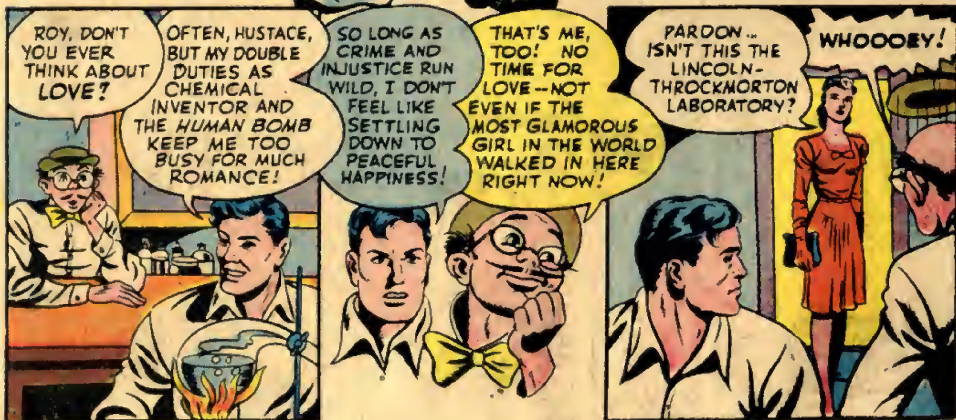
OFTEN, HUSTACE, BUT MY DOUBLE DUTIES AS CHEMICAL INVENTOR AND THE HUMAN BOMB KEEP ME TOO BUSY FOR MUCH ROMANCE!

SO LONG AS CRIME AND INJUSTICE RUN WILD, I DON'T FEEL LIKE SETTLING DOWN TO PEACEFUL HAPPINESS!

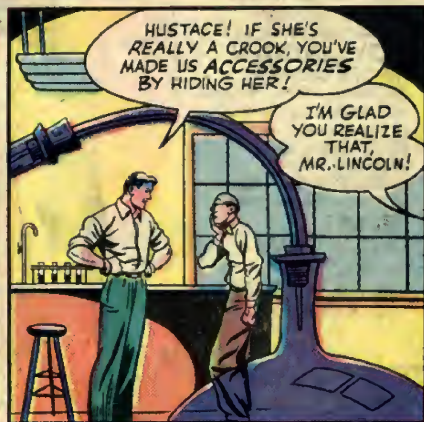
THAT'S ME, TOO! NO TIME FOR LOVE -- NOT EVEN IF THE MOST GLAMOROUS GIRL IN THE WORLD WALKED IN HERE RIGHT NOW!

PARDON ... ISN'T THIS THE LINCOLN-THROCKMORTON LABORATORY?

WHOOOEEY!



POLICE COMICS



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Where have they Gone?

POLICE COMICS



Let's go
back a few
moments,
to when...

I NEVER
SAW A
PRETTIER
GIRL!...

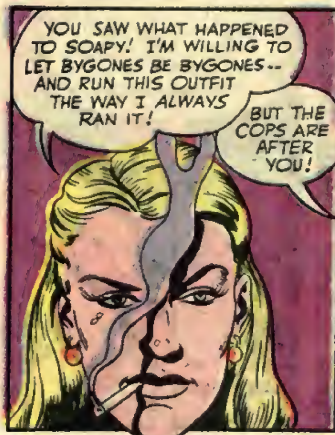
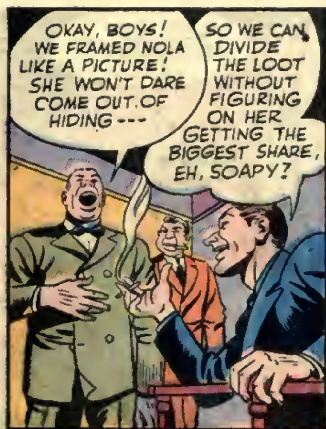
HERE'S WHAT I
REALLY CAME TO
THE LABORATORY
FOR ---

TURN YOUR
BACK A SECOND?
BOY FRIEND!

I HEARD
THOSE COPS
SAY THEY WERE
LOOKING FOR A
DARK GIRL IN
A RED DRESS...



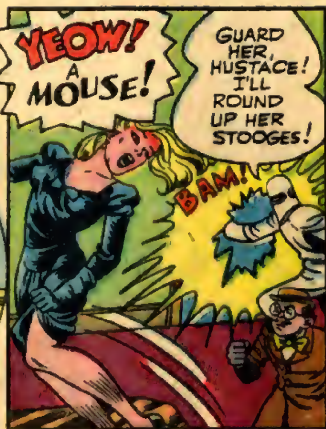
POLICE COMICS



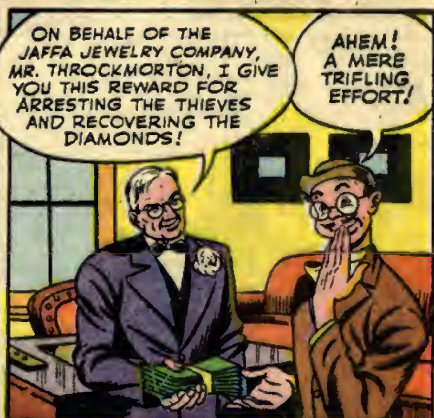
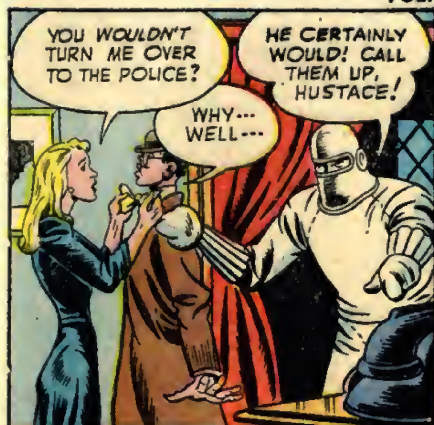
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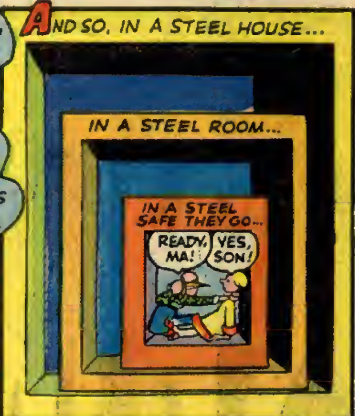
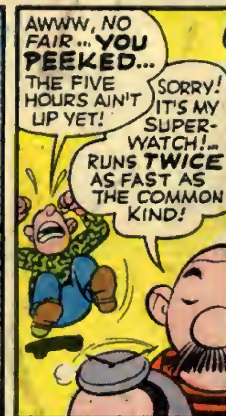
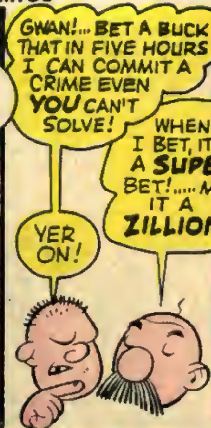
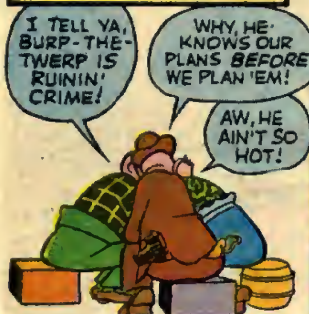


POLICE COMICS



POLICE COMICS

BURP-THE-TWERP
The SUPER SO-AN-SO...



FROM THE DESOLATE WASTES OF
ABANDONED *WILDWOOD CEMETERY*
WHERE HE WAS MISTAKENLY BURIED,
THE SPIRIT, IN REALITY DENNY COLT,
SMASHES CRIME IN A NEVER-ENDING
WAR AGAINST THE ENEMIES OF SOCIETY.

The

SPRIT



BY
WILL EISNER

POLICE COMICS

OUT OF THE DARKNESS OF MRS. GORMAN'S HALF-LIT FLAT COMES A POWERFUL HAND... CAT-LIKE IT WHIPS DOWN AND CLAMPS ITSELF OVER HER EYES AS SHE SITS KNITTING QUIETLY.

GUESS WHO!!

TUSH...IT'S MY DANNY OF COURSE!



YES... BUT PATROLMAN DANNY! DANIEL P. GORMAN OH, PRAISE IF Y'PLEASE! TH' SAINTS!! YE'VE PASSED TH' TESTS... AN' HOW PROUD YOUR FATHER'D BE... MAY HE REST IN PEACE...



AH YES. A GORMAN ON THE FORCE IN EVERY GENERATION!.. T THINK OF IT, MA... THIRTY-FIVE A WEEK, AND I HAVE THE SILK DISTRICT BEAT, TOO!

OH, LET ME BE. THERE'S SOMEONE KNOCKING AT THE DOOR....



EVENIN'...!! YOU'RE TH' NEW COP ON THE SILK DISTRICT BEAT, AIN'T'CHA?

TIFFANY ST. TO 45TH AND PARK... WHY? WHO ARE YOU?



OH, JUST SAY I'M SANTA CLAUS WITHOUT WHISKERS!! I SEE!! YR NEW. SO I'M GONNA SHOW YA HOW T'GET RICH QUICK!! ALL YA GOTTA DO IS BE AT TH' WRONG END OF YER BEAT AT TH' RIGHT TIME.... SEE?

YEAH!! I WANT ME TO TURN MY HEAD WHILE YOU ROB A WAREHOUSE ON MY BEAT!



I CAN SEE RIGHT NOW YOU'RE A LAD WITH BRAINS!



AND A SENSE OF HONOR TOO, YOU RAT!!



WHY, YOU...!!...MRS. GORMAN, I'D LOOK AFTER THAT BOY IF I WAS YOU... HE'S JUST GOT HIMSELF INTO A MESS OF TROUBLE!! TSK...TSK...HE'S SO YOUNG, TOO... SO LONG, SUCKER!



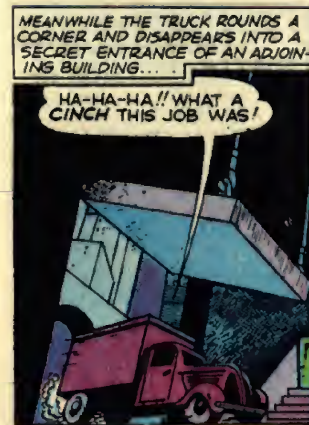
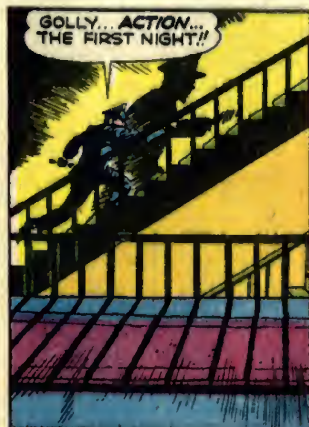
DANNY. I'M AFRAID.. NOW NOW, MA... YOU'RE NOT GONNA LET A RAT LIKE THAT SCARE US GORMANS, ARE YA? C'MON, LET'S GO TO A MOVIE... THEY'RE GIVING DISHES AT THE PALACE!



THE NEXT NIGHT DANNY GORMAN PROUDLY PATROLS HIS BEAT... SUDDENLY A WOMAN'S SCREAM BRINGS HIM TO A HALT...



POLICE COMICS



POLICE COMICS

NEXT DAY AT, POLICE HEADQUARTERS



IN THE HALLWAY, AS THE OLD BLIND MAN HOBBOLES PITIFULLY OUT, SQUIRE SAMPSON ACCOSTS HIM....



THAT EVENING, IN THE GORMAN HOME....



OF COURSE NOT...THAT'S JUST A LITTLE PLAN TO CATCH THAT GANG, MRS. GORMAN...NOW YOU JUST GO ON TO BED AND DON'T FRET!



HEY!! WHO ARE YOU? WHERE'D YOU COME FROM...WHAT'S THE IDEA?

ONE QUESTION AT A TIME NOW, PLEASE...I'M THE SPIRIT.. I DIDN'T WANT TO WORRY YOUR MOTHER...SHE'S SO TRUSTING.



THE SPIRIT!! GOSH... NOW LISTEN VERY CAREFULLY TO MY IDEA...REMEMBER THAT OLD BLIND MAN? WELL, HE'S BEEN HIRED AS A WATCHMAN FOR THE ACME SILK CO.... THAT MEANS THEY'RE GOING TO ROB IT TONIGHT!



TERSELY THE SPIRIT EXPLAINS A CAREFUL PLAN....

SPIRIT, I'VE HEARD PEOPLE TALK ABOUT YOU...SAYIN' YOU'RE AN OUTLAW AND SUCH...BUT WELL, YOU CAN COUNT ON DAN GORMAN AS A FRIEND FROM NOW ON!

THANKS, DAN... THANKS!



POLICE COMICS

ONCE AGAIN THE TRUCK ROLLS THROUGH THE SILENT STREETS TO ITS SECRET HIDEOUT AS ANOTHER SILK HOUSE IS ROBBED



OKAY, BOYS...Y'DID A NEAT JOB... HERE'S TH' PAY-OFF! NOW GET OUTSIDE AN' UNLOAD TH' BOXES...WE GOTTA GET RID OF TH' TRUCK !!



BUT, Y'ONLY PAID ME FIVE DOLLARS.. SQUIRE SAMPSON SAID....

LISSEN, YA ONE-LEGGED PUNK! I RUN THIS MOB...SAMPSON'S JUST A FRONT!! WHO DYA THINK YA ARE?



GET OUT BEFORE I LOSE MY TEMPER!



UNABLE TO HOLD HIS BALANCE, THE POOR CRIPPLE TOPPLES FORWARD



HAW! HAW! DAT'S FUNNY!



MEANWHILE IN THE GARAGE...AS THE MEN UNLOAD THE CRATES...

LET ME DOWN EASY. THE JOLT MIGHT SET THIS GUN OFF...



IN THE OFFICE...

HOLY SMOKE!! THAT YOUNG COP WE FRAMED...HE MUSTA BROUGHT THE WHOLE FORCE!



LET THOSE HOODS LOOK OUT FR THEMSELVES!!



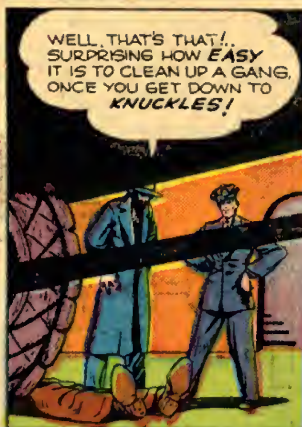
RUNNING OUT ON YOUR PALS, EH, PLUG?



THE SPIRIT!!



POLICE COMICS



POLICE COMICS

AN HOUR LATER THE ROBBERS TRUCK LEAVES THE HIDEOUT... THIS TIME HOWEVER, THE DRIVERS ARE DAN GORMAN AND THE SPIRIT....



SO LONG, SPIRIT... AND THANKS... THANKS A MILLION!! NONSENSE! ...ER... BY THE WAY... DON'T MENTION ME TO DOLAN!



AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS, LATER...

HEY! WHAT IS THIS?! I DID WHO SENT THOSE COMMISSIONER! CRATES IN HERE? THEY'RE FULL OF EVIDENCE!



WELL, I'LL BE...!! YES, THEY'RE THE MEN WHO ROBBED THE SILK HOUSES.. AND FRAMED ME!



AT THAT MOMENT THE DOOR OPENS.

COMMISSIONER DOLAN...!! IF YOU DON'T SOLVE THIS CRIME WAVE, I'LL... AHA!! JUST THE MAN I WANT TO SEE! HELLO SQUIRE!



THE CRIME WAVE IS SOLVED... YOU BLUE-NOSED BUSYBODY!! I'VE NO EVIDENCE ON YOU, BUT I'VE A HUNCH YOU'RE IN ON LOTS OF RACKET... SO IF I WERE YOU I'D GET OUT OF TOWN!! HRMFF!! D. DON'T... KEEP YOUR HANDS OFF ME... I'M GOING!



THAT'S TELLING HIM, EH?



CRASH!



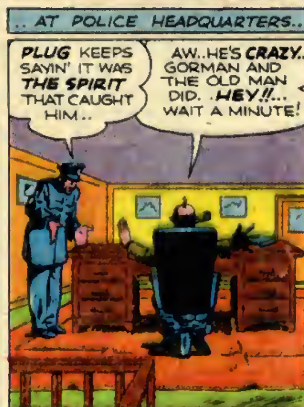
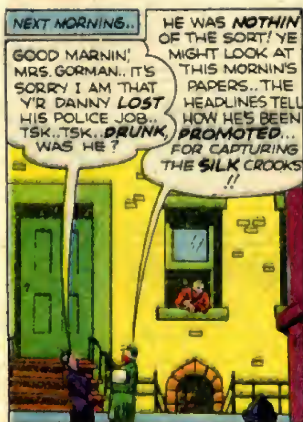
HRMFF!! SPUT, SPUT... YOU DID THAT ON PURPOSE! OH... I'M SO SORRY MR. SAMPSON YOU WERE GOING SO FAST...



OH MR. DOLAN... IS THERE ANY WAY I CAN HELP? NO THANKS, OLD TIMER... I'VE SOLVED THE WHOLE CASE MYSELF!



POLICE COMICS



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Why pay \$5 or \$10 for a barometer when you can predict the weather yourself, at home, 8 to 24 hours in advance, with this accurate, inexpensive Weather House forecaster? It's made like a little Swiss cottage, with a thatched green roof and small green shutters. Inside the house is an old witch and a little boy and girl. When the weather's going to be fine, the little boy and girl come out in front. But when bad weather is on the way the old witch makes an appearance. There is an easy-to-read thermometer on the front of the cottage that shows you the exact temperature.

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☐ Send C.O.D. ☐ I enclose \$1.69. You Pay Postage. Two for \$2.98.

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4" deep
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AS YOU RECEIVE IT



AS IT GROWS TO YOUR

EACH TINY PLANT
PRODUCES THIS

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"I own a Swiss Weather House. I want to give them away as gifts. They are wonderful!" Mrs. J. A. South Bay, Maine

"I saw your Weather House in a friend's home and for many days I've been thinking of it. I decided to order one for myself." Mr. W. C. Coleman, Ill.
"Ever since I got my Weather House I've been able to plan my affairs a day ahead if it's wonderful!" Mr. E. L. C. Obermann, Iowa

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